

[illegible]

**T**HERE are two instances in modern fiction of a monotonous surfeit of food, described by the authors so vividly as actually to produce a slight sensation of nausea while reading. In "The Light That Failed" Kipling tells us how Dick Helder, having in evil pride informed his editor that he had no need of an advance on the cash due to him in a month's time, makes up his mind that he can just run to four weeks of sausages and mashed potatoes for every meal, as being the best value in cheapness and solid nourishment. Dick munched through to the bitter end, but his experiences must have ruined many a palate for sausage and mash.—From "Food in Fiction," in *John O' London's Weekly*.